hands, the whole strange beauty of him, thought, "Ah, you little know ! "

PORTIA

1875

The brilliant story of the Bancroft management of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre was more familiar twenty years back than it is now. I think that few of the youngest playgoers who point out, on the first nights of important productions, a remarkably striking figure of a man with erect carriage, white hair, and flashing dark eyes—a man whose eye-glass, manners, and clothes all suggest Thackeray and Major Pendennis, hi spite of his success in keeping abreast of everything modern—few playgoers, I say, who point this man out as Sir Squire Bancroft could give any adequate account of what he did for the English theatre in the 'seventies. Nor do the public who see an elegant little lady starting for a drive from a certain house in Berkeley Square realise that this is Marie Wilton, afterwardMrs. Bancroft,now Lady Bancroft, the comedienne who created the heroines of Tom Robertson; and, -with her husband, brought what is called the-cttp-and-saucer drama to absolute perfection.

We players know quite well and accept with philosophy the fact that when we have done we are forgotten. We axe sometimes told that we live too much in the public eye and enjoy too much public favour and attention; but at least we make up for it by leaving no trace of our short and merry reign behind us when it is over!

I have never, even in Paris, seen anything more ad-

mirable than the ensemble of the Bancroft productions.

Every part in the domestic comedies, the presentation of which, up to 1875, they had made their policy, was played